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POET WILDEY
AND HIS POEM

JACKSON



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THE POET WILDEY AND
HIS POEM

An Address

BITS OF VERSE

*Brother of mine, your hand! your hand!
And with the hand your heart;
For Love is King, let its word impart
Strength to your soul in the jostling mart.
Your hand! In friendship your hand!*

*Ah! God is Love, and Love is King,
And Love rules over all;
O, will ye not heed the warning call:—
Crowd not your brother-man to the wall!
Love him! For Love is King!*

*Friendship and Love are born of Truth,
Truth is the heart's desire.
E'en though you burn with consuming fire,
Speak, for your soul is wafted higher!
Live Friendship, Love and Truth!*



CHARLES E. JACKSON.

THE POET WILDEY
AND HIS POEM

AN ADDRESS

AND BITS OF VERSE

BY

CHARLES E. JACKSON



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AUTHOR'S EDITION

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The Poet Wildey and His Poem

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE GRAND

LODGE, I. O. O. F., OF MAINE

OCTOBER 20, 1903

TOGETHER WITH A FEW ATTEMPTS AT VERSE

THE ADDRESS IS DEDICATED

TO THE GREAT FRATERNITY OF ODD FELLOWS

WITH WHOM I HAVE BEEN AGREEABLY

ASSOCIATED THESE MANY YEARS

The Poems

CRUDE AND COMMONPLACE AS I KNOW THEM TO BE

I DEDICATE TO HER

WHO, CALM AS THE SUNNIEST DAY IN JUNE

HAS TRANQUILIZED MY LIFE

*I know of one unselfish life,
Brimful of love and sympathy:
Since thought and love are due thee, wife,
My verse is thine unwittingly.*

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THE POET WILDEY AND
HIS POEM

An Address

This address was originally given, by invitation, before the members of the Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Maine. The author, feeling that it would be ungracious to further resist the repeated urgings of friends, has consented to the publication of a limited edition. The poems are included with the hope that they will not be found wholly devoid of merit.



THE POET WILDEY AND HIS POEM

EVERY life in its purity and power, is the realisation, more or less complete, of some ideal which the mind has ever kept in view. We feel that the things which make us what we are,—qualities of mind and heart and will,—have come to us from some larger and grander source. We feel that the art of living involves intention, direction and persistence, governed by an inborn decision to work up the raw material of our lives into something finer than they otherwise would have been,—infusing into life, something that we feel the soul shares with God and with kindred souls.

And it is this attitude of heart and mind, which, spiritualizing man, lifts him out of his selfishness,—it is this phase of life which the world is beginning to understand as

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representing true poetry, not alone something written in merely rythmical, imaginative language, but something deeper, fuller and more complete; something that rises immeasurably above the grandeur of the spoken word as it finds expression in the humanities of the race. For if we hold that the present life is the preparation for a larger and more complete existence,—if we hold that, I say, then every agency, power and faculty that develops man into a sympathetic and truthful being, is an expression of the highest kind of poetry.

Viewed by this standard, Thomas Wildey becomes a poet, and that genuine baptism of human sympathy,—Odd Fellowship, becomes a poem,—an epic, if you please, and one of the noblest and most complete ever written by man. Oh, Brothers, take from the mind all that imagination adorns and fancy paints, and the grandest powers of our being are well nigh palsied; on the other hand the mission of the true man in this world is to dignify and uplift life, thus all grand, helpful, trusting, loving souls throughout the ages have been poets and the realisation of their dreams is poetry.

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A poet is born. And lo, with Moses came a conscience to the world. A poet is born. And Galilee and Olivet are firmly fixed upon the human heart, and love at last has risen above mere name. A poet is born. And see, with wondering awe, the world beholds the patient Washington at Valley Forge. A poet is born. And after many weary days and sleepless nights, the sainted Lincoln breaks the shackles which bind four millions of his fellow men in chains. A poet is born. And lo, the toiling blacksmith, Thomas Wildey, bared his strong right arm, and as he welded iron bands he dreamed of welding human hearts.

Thomas Wildey was a stranger to these shores. The war of 1812 had just been fought. The land he left and the land he sought had been at strife. A stranger in a strange land, he found few friends. The poetic instinct possessed him. Thomas Wildey lacked and Thomas Wildey craved the sympathy of men. In his great heart, so filled with love, there was no room for hate.

As forge and anvil sang the songs of honest toil, he saw humanity in need, and

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his great heart warmed with pity toward mankind. His was a bold, audacious plan, it took within its scope all human needs. His word became not "sounding brass or tinkling cymbal," his was no idle wish; Odd Fellowship became a stern, imperative demand. "That ye visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan" are backed by all the force and strength of a command. Emblazoned upon every charter, in every lodge room, the wide world over, you find those splendid words. And as this brave man toiled and struggled, small men sneered. Men so obtuse, who while they claimed to follow in the footsteps of Him who had no place to lay His head, condemned Wildey's plan unheard.

Wildey made practical the teachings of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me" became no longer idle words. Through all the dreamy, shadowy, small beginnings of his work his faith stood firm. He had a strong abiding trust in God; he also knew the natural dignity of man. He knew that man at best was God's own image. He

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did not find the worth of man as men weigh coal. He did not measure men like cloth. He saw right through the rough, begrimmed and sweating form, a soul as sweet and true as ever God had placed upon the earth. And as he looked into an honest toiler's face, he saw reflected there, his home, his wife, his child,—love infinite—supreme.

Of all the syllables that ever sprang to human lips, the sweetest word is home. Home shields a thousand little kindnesses that publicity profanes. And so to Wildey's all embracing mind came visions of a larger home,—a quiet home,—a trusting home,—a home, a lodge, where men could meet their brother men in joy and peace. Firmly he grasped those two great truths: the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and he knew that whenever they abode within the lives of men, God's kingdom came to earth. He knew that where love reigned were joy and peace. He knew that selfishness could find no place at any true domestic hearth. He knew that hunger and abundance were never seen there side by side. He knew that the old and the young, those who could no longer, and those who could

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not yet support fatigue were alike sharers with him whose face was dripping with the sweat of honest toil. And so as he dreamed and planned, he embodied into the Order's great influence, the spirit of the home. And, Brothers, Odd Fellowship truly stands for home. It is a protection against man's possible failure to make a success of life. It shields man, not by sentimentalities, but by substantial aid. Not by precept, but by practice: not by words, but by works.

"Is he not after all my brother?" are words that sink deep into human hearts. We never know until we try to reach men how accessible they are. There are thousands of men, strangers to themselves,—men hiding in the ravines of selfishness,—struggling in the thickets of vice,—wounded by their own false pride;—men lying all but helpless on the battle-field of life, who in and of their own strength fail, but who with healing, care and consolation from those who are stronger, or perhaps whose lot was cast in pleasanter places, are able and do give to them lasting good. This, Brothers, is the essence,—this is the true spirit of Odd Fellowship.

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In the Gospel of St. John you will find these simple words:—"And Andrew found Simon Peter, his brother, and brought him to Jesus." That simple statement is all the record preserved of that man,—Andrew's life. Yet between the covers of that book so rich in human experience, there is no more impressive biography than is contained in those few simple words. Hundreds of men have dazzled the world with wit, whose lives were barren waste compared with this man's life. He influenced men. He could not preach, he could not sway a multitude, but in his extremity, he found an obscure man who could.

If the work of Wildey had never meant another thing than give the world James Ridgely, the influence of his life were incense sweet indeed. The cultured Ridgely took that still unfinished but grand and simple statue of Odd Fellowship and chisled it into the almost perfect thing it is. Ah! my Brothers, if there be any man who should so far insult his own intelligence as to deny the existence and power of Almighty God, let him turn to the tear-stained bloody pages of history and note how strangely

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some men have been chosen to perform a certain line of work. In every crisis the right man has appeared. This, of itself, is proof enough for me of the existence and power of Almighty God.

Yes, Brothers, catalogue, if you will, all the unthinking men who toil only to satisfy their ambition for greed and gain,—who ride rough-shod over all the finer feelings of humanity,—whose only love is love of self,—sneering, unimaginative men! Catalogue them, I say, but let us not forget to make a list of those great souls who hunger and thirst after righteousness,—men who are wearing themselves out in the world's great work; men who believe that knowledge is better than much choice gold,—that wisdom is better than rubies,—that life is worth more than meat; men whose hearts beat in unison with the world's great heart. Such are the men who founded, such are the men who sustain Odd Fellowship.

And, Brothers, another thought, a patriotic thought, Odd Fellowship as understood by us is thoroughly American in spirit and effect. No need to trace the annals of antiquity to find its origin. There is no

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other lodge influence in it. It is the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, or if you like the term better, American Odd Fellowship.

Born in the days of the Nation's early life, it imbibes the spirit of those times. It was the first fraternal organization to establish absolute equality among its members. It breathes the very air of independence. Like every other thing American, it was and is progressive in its character; for while the old and young, the rich and poor, all pay alike to its support, all share alike its benefits, yet beyond its business features, the sweetest charity is constantly maintained.

The beginnings of Odd Fellowship were extremely modest. It began with simple relief, but it has grown to be a factor in the great world's life. The establishment of schools and homes attest its power for good. It teaches the well known trinity of Friendship, Love and Truth. It teaches Faith, Hope and Trust, yet ever woven through the whole vast fabric are golden threads of charity that gleam and glisten as the Order's mantle falls upon the world's great needs. Again it teaches true democracy. To be a

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Noble Grand a man must earn the place. To reach the station of a Vice Grand even, he must have worked his way. And congressmen and senators and judges have laid aside the cares of state, and given to mankind this humble, yet exalted service. And when a President of the United States, whose power took rank with that of any ruler on the earth, laid down the cares of state, when President Hayes returned to live again among his neighbors and his friends, and in that true spirit of democracy which crowns our American life, worked his way humbly through the chairs of his Odd Fellow lodge, he dignified humanity, he dignified his lodge, yes, more than that, he dignified the high office of President of the United States.

And now, Brothers, I return to my first thought, and remind you that not all whom the world has been pleased to call its great men have been poets. Some men, filled only with personal ambition, sought glory,—men of splendid talents, yet whose lives were the embodiment of selfishness and greed,—men who set at defiance all the principles of love, justice and mercy, and utterly failed to accomplish even what their

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own foolish ambition had willed. "But yesterday the word of Cæsar might have stood against the world, now none so poor to do him reverence." But yesterday Napoleon by the might of his majestic will defied the whole of Europe,—the morrow brought him St. Helena filled with blasted hopes.

These men sought glory. Their aim in life was simply self. They never stopped to think of widows' or of orphans' tears, it was glory! glory! glory! For what, I ask, have all the noble men and women worked? Think ye for glory? Was it for glory that Luther stood against the greatest of his time? Was it for glory that Warren fought and fell at Bunker Hill? Was it for glory that Garrison and Philipps hurled their matchless words, and Lincoln gave his sleepless nights which finally led him to a martyr's death? Glory! Glory! Oh, Brothers, there is no glory save the glory of God, and all the tireless workers, the dreamers, the poets throughout the ages have contributed toward that glory.

Thomas Wildey's closing days were sunshine bright indeed. He had lived his life

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for others, and when that fearful shadow swept across the land, when the civil war broke out, when brothers' hands were raised to strike a brother, this noble man, whose life had stood for brotherhood,—this loving soul whose heart recoiled at strife,—like a full, ripe shock of grain, and in the dimming twilight of his years, and at that season of the year when the husbandman gathers the fruits of his labors into barns, Thomas Wildey was gathered to the Father's.

Fourscore years he had walked the earth, ministering and to bless. Death came to Wildey in the city of Baltimore, October 19, 1861, where forty-three years before he lay the foundations for this vast brotherhood. When his flickering light went out, millions mourned. When his light went out? No, Brothers! the light grows brighter day by day, such men never die. The lodges that you represent, and thousands of others with their hundreds of thousands of willing messengers, running errands of mercy, tell us that the spirit of Thomas Wildey still lives. Oh, my Brothers, put your hand upon your pulse and know that

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with every throbbing beat, the Order pays out in revenue enough to sustain a family for the entire day. Think of it, eleven dollars a minute, every minute in the day and every day in the year, streaming out into the channels of relief. Yet who would dare to make the claim that cold statistics tell the story of the institution's worth? I am talking to Odd Fellows, and there are those among you who know from experience what it means to stand at the bedside of the dying, sincerely mourning a brother and a friend. You know what it means to look into the faces of the dear ones thus bereft, where the very silence was oppressive, yet no one dared to speak.

Oh, my Brothers, a mightier hand than ours turns with pitiless regularity the pages of our book of life. We are living in an earnest, busy, bustling age; living in the grandest country upon the top of God's green earth, for whatever pessimists may say it is a privilege to be a citizen of the United States,—a country whose liberties are assured; a country whose pulsing arm is capable of striking down all foes,—the tread of whose armies makes the solid earth

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to tremble and the might of whose navies are acknowledged upon every sea. Yet, Brothers, I make bold the claim that it is by far a grander privilege to belong to this vast brotherhood whose influence is ever exerted to fraternize the world. For as the star of Bethlehem led the wise men to the cradle of their Redeemer, so will the star of friendship lead mankind to universal peace.



BITS OF VERSE



INVOCATION

FATHER in Heaven,
Be near, I pray, while my frail bark is
gliding
Adown life's stream; the current's swift that's bearing
me along;
Thou see'st dangers 'neath the surface hiding.
Hard have I striven,
Thou King of kings, to shape my course with Thine
from conscious wrong.

Father in Heaven,
I pray my heart be stayed on Thee forever,
Each wish be lifted up to Thee, Thou mighty King
of Love,
And faith that seeth Thee in all endeavor
To me be given !
Lord, God ! 'tis my desire to blend my will with Thine
above.

MY LITTLE FELLOW

WHO runs to greet me home at night,
And makes my weary day seem bright,
And hails my presence with delight?
My little fellow.

Who is it, when his eyes half close,
Strives hard to cheat well-earned repose,
Unwillingly to bed he goes?
My little fellow.

Who is it, at the peep of day —
When, O how good in bed to stay! —
Says: "Take me, Parp, I want to play?"
My little fellow.

Ah, may thy cares be ever mine,
And my love, interlinked with thine,
With ever-growing lustre shine,
Thou little fellow!

And when my head is framed in white,
And life with me approaches night,
On Memory's page thou'lt still shine bright,
My little fellow.

MY LIFE PILGRIMAGE

O 'ER desert drear, through grassy plain,
The path leads on 'neath changing skies;
'Mid burning heat or cooling rain
I plod along — ne'er back again.
Light, Lord, by faith my anxious eyes.

Maybe I near my earth-life's span
And soon shall pause for final rest;
Press on then, Soul, strive whil'st thou can,
For life, not death, should be thy quest;
Lose self and find a grander man.

GEORGE W. MARSTON

DEAD! No! he lives! His melodies are ringing,—
His soul-inspiring songs the world is singing.
Though his loved form has vanished from the
earth,

His spirit hovers o'er us—round the hearth,
His pure soul made faith seem a little clearer;
He drew men to their God, a little nearer.
His was a triumph o'er the spectre grim.
Weep for the friends bereft, weep not for him.

DEDICATORY POEM¹

FATHER, whose mercy gleams through all,
Thy name we bless, Thy name we call !
Ours not to boast of victory.
Ours but the humble ministry;

Ours but the youth-time work begun,
The glow of morn, not setting sun.
O Father ! in this glorious hour
Reveal to us our strength and power !

'Tis not by skill which art can show
Where softened tinted windows throw
Strange light into the chancel dim,
Picturing saint and cherubim;

Nor boasting pride in human things,
Nor kingdoms patronized by kings !
Ah! nearer to Thy heart are laid
The suppliant prayers the poor have made;

Lord, God ! we come with willing feet,
And bend before Thy mercy seat,
And wonder not; 'tis holy ground
Where Light Eternal beams around.

What soul could step to yonder wood,
And resting in its solitude,
And hearing bird-song fill the air,
Could doubt a holy presence there ?

Or who could upward look in night
To where the million worlds gleam bright,
And think the all-wise loving Mind
Could be in any space confined ?

¹ Read at dedication of North Deering Church.

None, gracious Lord ! Thy generous hand
Doth scatter what Thy wisdom planned;
Whilst all that charms the lonely thought
Comes to us with Thy blessing fraught.

Yet somehow, souls the stronger feel
When each dependent child doth kneel
To claim his blessings from above,
Receiving light in trusting love.

And Love has bid this building rise,
May it grow holy in our eyes !
May that grand influence light the shrine,
Which bears the impress of Divine !

That Love which charity bestows;
That Love which sorrows for all woes
And weeps with mourners o'er the dead,
May Love Divine its radiance shed !

Lord, God ! in whom we live and move,
And daily Thy rich blessings prove,
This house we dedicate to thee !
May souls here find tranquillity !

And this is yours who seek the good,
Firm children of God's Fatherhood !
The goodliest gift the heart can make,
Baptized in God's great blessing, — take.

TWO SINGERS

ONE labored long with patient thought,
Then sang his song;
The muse to him came not unsought,
He wooed her long.

The other from his subtle mind
Flashed forth a strain;
Songs came as free as summer wind
From heart and brain.

Both sang what human hearts desired,
Words true and strong;
His method hid, each seemed inspired
To sing his song.

THE CONFLICT

THOU demon Hate, hell-born, how camest thou
here—

Here in a human soul, Love's rightful place?
Thy cruel, uncouth, devilish grimace
Hath fearful look in his own atmosphere;
Still Love dethroned and driven, hovereth near.
Can mother pressing babe to breast efface
What lieth hid behind her soft embrace?
Not thine to hide behind a single tear,
O Love, who yet will blatant Hate destroy!
But, oh! why was his shadow ever cast
Across thy path? Thou who wouldst fain employ
Thy patient toil unto the very last
To clear the heart of all its base alloy!
O soul, slay not the dearest friend thou hast!

THE STILL SMALL VOICE

O SOUL be still, and hear the voice revealed !
The song-bird breathes it through the notes
he sings

To cheer his silent dame, whose brooding wings
Doth give her offspring all that love can yield.
Come, hearken to those flowers that grace the field,
And catch the glorious message each one brings;
The voice is speaking from yon star that clings
To its given space within the heavenly shield.
Whenever hearts in sympathy are stirred,
And men enrich their longing souls in prayer,
The voice, so still, will give an answering word —
The message is responsive everywhere;
Be still then soul, and let the voice be heard,
It bears the truth from realms divinely fair.

THE PASSING DAY

WAS ever day more precious than this day ?
Day born of God, created for man's use ?
Why spurn its promise by thy vain excuse ?
Block not ambition's path with thy delay,
When trumpet calls be foremost in the fray.
Be of decision prompt, when called to choose,
Better defeat than active life refuse.
Remember deeds more than thy words convey
The inspiration that alone is thine.
O Soul, be strong this day, strong in content;
Say to thyself: "All life is linked with mine;
All life is God's, and for a purpose lent,
And I must work this day, work is divine."
And love will tell thee what thy labor meant.

TO WORK

AWAKE ! awake ! and greet the new-born day;
With night now past lay all thy cares away.
Yonder the rising sun in splendor gleams,
'Tis time to act, away with idle dreams !
See opportunity's wide open gate —
Pass through ere Time shall say to thee, " Too late ! "
Courage is born of faith and lives in deeds;
He who is filled with " Dare " and " Do " succeeds.
Yes, though a thousand doubts encompass thee,
The onward path leads straight to victory.
Press on through toil and sweat of blazing noon;
Time's flight will bring the cool of evening soon;
Trudge on and on while yet the day shines bright;
Swift pass the hours that bring returning night.

IN MAY

O THE new life I discover
As around the fields I hover !
Spring is calling me — her lover —
All the day.

Earth with new impulse is beating !
And the green fields send me greeting !
Spring is calling, yes, entreating
Me to play.

O the dainty flowers upspringing !
O the songs the birds are singing !
Nature everywhere is ringing !
It is May.

GOOD MORNING, ROBIN

ACROSS the lawn at early dawn,
He comes with tripping pace;
His bearing pert, the little flirt,
Embodiment of grace.

Break! break to hear! O morning clear
The redbreast's chirping call;
He pipes a true, "How do you do?
Good morning, one and all."

ORIOLE

WARBLE the strain again to me, —
Cadence of love-lit melody;
Warble the tune of laughing flowers, —
Orchard's bounty and sunny showers;
Breathe once more to my listening ear
The glorious sound of festal cheer;
Gladly I'd linger the whole day long
To hear thy heart pour forth its song;
Sweet-voiced atom, with plumage gay,
Carol the cares of life away.

THE BLUEBIRD

THY little wings reflect the sky,
Thy breast reflects the earth;
Thy coming is a prophecy,
Thy voice proclaims Spring's birth.

Sing ! little songster, sing to me —
Me, of the common sod;
My soul gains strength because of thee
Singing the praise of God.

TO THE MAYFLOWER

DEAR little flower, why hide thy face?
Thy tender life doth fill its place
As worthily as aught that grows.
Thou art the harbinger of spring;
Of flowers, thou first of all doth bring
To me new life from 'neath the snows.

F A I T H

YES, I have faith; what though I fail to see
With clearness all God hath in wisdom planned;
God is ! Enough for me to understand
That goodness reigns behind all mystery.
Yes, I have faith.

Yes, I have faith; for what hath been revealed
But hints of greater things yet unfulfilled,
Things that my longing soul hath wished and willed,
Something I know doth live, though yet concealed.
Yes, I have faith.

Yes, I have faith; though night obscure my way,
And, groping 'round, I sometimes lose the road;
I've come thus far in trust and borne my load.
Faith tells me night will soon give way to day.
Yes, I have faith.

THE LITTLE SEED

I HOLD within my hand this little mystery,
It is so small it trembles at my lightest breath;
Beneath its husk indeed lies power — infinity;
For in its tiny form are hid Birth, Life and Death.

NOVEMBER

I HEAR the sigh of trees that sway
Their branches overhead;
Their sad moan seems to tell that they
Are filled with winter's dread.
And everywhere earth shows decay —
Grass, flowers, and leaves all dead.
Think thou to claim me, gloomy day?
My heart is spring instead.

TRUST

I

WILD is the night; the sea is lashed to foam;
The furies of the storm disturb the deep.
All through the din, as if it soothed to sleep,
The sea gull 'neath the creviced rock finds home.

II

What though I find my soul by cares distress,
What though life's path arouse my inmost fears,
What though my eyes are dimmed with bitter tears,
The bird doth strengthen faith; I'll calmly rest.

TO HERMANN KOTZSCHMAR

May 14, 1903

MUSICAL Portland !¹ musical indeed;
Thanks be to thee, whose genius sowed the
seed.

To-night, through vistas garlanded with gold,
Emblazoned clear, we see thy name enrolled.
Young faces look in thine, and young hearts teach,
Who owe their power to thy inspiring speech.
Grand privilege thine, confronting all the years
To live once more the hours thy heart endears.
Again the morn of toil and joy and fret —
Again youth's skies are bright with promise set —
And later, manhood, with its fair renown,
That won for thee the splendid laurel crown.
Comrades ! a bumper to our President —
And may his years be filled with sweet content;
We pay him tribute — tribute but his due —
Honor him, comrades, he has honored you.

¹ Subject of the paper read at annual meeting of Kotzschmar Club.

ALPHA AND OMEGA

GOD breathed; and from the Eternal presence
veiled,

Sprang man! all crowning mystery; — proud
one;

And then inhaled what He had once exhaled,

The soul returns! its brief, swift journey run.

THE FATHER AND HIS CHILD

HE holds my love secure, fast friends are we,
My little boy and I.

The roguishness, the mischief, the activities
Of his young life, but makes my love for him
Still more intense.

He who can think of God as aught but love —
Stern, just, severe

Has yet to know, in truth, a father's care.
Look to thyself, thou art not more than God,
He holds thee in His boundless love. Thy love
Is human, His divine.

A TOUCH OF NATURE

FROM a cleft in the rock a bit of earth
From its own scant life gave a wee flower birth;
And the flower drank sunshine and bathed in
dew,
And lifted its face toward the dome of blue;
And of all the flowers, none more fond and true
Than the lone one, sympathy drew me to.
'Twas only a flower and a bit of earth,
But, they yearned for God from the common dearth.

Then, wondering I turned, from the better part,
To a tenderer blossom, — a human heart.
More frail, it contrasted the flower's grand trust;
For, look ! how 'tis eaten by idle rust.
Consumed by the heat of its own foul lust;
See ! 'tis drooping amid its own dry dust.
I woke from my muse with a sudden start, —
I was reading my own unconquered heart.

B A B Y

DID ever home know full content
And radiance all around disclose
'Till came that joy by angel's sent?
True love is found where baby goes.

The heart that leaps when baby cries
And folds the child in tenderness;
Hath found the deep where true love lies —
Close linked with babe in happiness.

SUNSET

FOLDS of crimson and of gold
Curtained 'gainst the sky of blue;
Gorgeous scene mine eyes behold,
Fading fast to sombre hue.

Good-bye day, about to creep
Through the shadows of the west;
Night will lull a world to sleep,
God grant all a peaceful rest.

IMPULSE

OTHERS may quibble and plod along
But I with my impulse run;
Impulse is life, sudden thought is strong
And would see new work begun;
Brave child of truth it would give the lie
To seeming truth before it;
With the heart in tune suspicions die,
A doubting mind! — Ignore it.



L I F E

A SOB ! a cry !
It is a babe, — a little life is born.
A moan ! a sigh !
An aged man by want and pain is torn.
Filled was the interval between
With groping for the hand unseen.
And ever rang those words, “ Press on,
Nor rest until thy journey’s done.”
What then means life ?
What then means death ?
Turmoil and strife ?
A fleeting breath ?
Search thine own heart
And thou wilt find a purpose planted there;
Act well thy part
And life will rise above a world of care.

THE FIRST SNOW FALL

TRANSFORMATION since last night !
Nature dons a mantle white.

Yesterday the leafless trees
Seemed to feel the northern breeze;

Now their white forms look serene
As when gayly clothed in green.

See the snowflakes dance and play,
Backward, forward, on their way.

Watch one flake, it seems to rise,
Yet finds earth in glad surprise.

See each branch and tiny spray
Clad in their sublime array;

See the path in yonder wood
Latticed in its solitude —

I bethought me in that hour,
This from Him who tints the flower.

This from Him who doth disclose
All the sweetness of the rose.

Thought I, He controls the spring, —
All its glad awakening.

Thought I of the summer days,
Knee-deep grass and tangled maize.



Thought I of the autumn yield,
Ripened harvest of the field.

Now pure snowflakes at my feet
Crown another year complete.

Easy then for me to trace
Goodness through the snowy lace.



SOLILOQUY

O SOUL of mine, thou loftier part of self,
From out thy tabernacle, deep from sight,
What fancies and what pleasures yet undreamed
Spring forth to bless and dignify my life?
The energies that touch my sluggish brain;
That tune my heart above its outward sense, —
Struggling and dreaming, ever up and on,
O Soul, what means our vague existence here?
How cam'st thou to this crude house formed of clay?
For parents never yielded thee to me.
All that I am thou art, yet strangely real
Another force controls, — a mighty force —
Despotic Will has power to crush or raise;
To bid thee walk with God, or quench thy light, —
To live amid the glories of the world,
Or sink to nothingness, — a fallen star.
What then avails exertion? What the toil
Of high ambition struggling for the van?
The winner pays the forfeit with his life;
Time places her strong chain upon his heel
And trips him when he panteth near his goal,
Or maybe checks him ere the race begins.
What motive then has power to lead thee on?
What bids all grumbling cease, turns sighs to song,
And maketh for thy feet a path of peace?
What prompts the zeal of study, bringing home

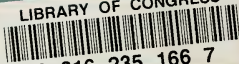
To thy stern court, O sovereign Memory,
The pictured life and light of other days, —
Filling the brain with rules to spur it on?
O Memory ! thy power so strange doth make
My yesterdays more real than to-day; —
With thee, a backward glance, — I plainly see
The winding path through which I've wondering
passed.

What of that greatest power of all, that fire
Which shoots forth tongues of flame, — imagination;
That power contented not with things that are,
But every instant starting new creations.
What am I and who am I? questions these
Mankind has asked through all the ages past.



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